THE VISITOR.

A SOBER GUEST, WHOSE PHILANTHROPHIC VIEWS
ARE TO INSTRUCT, OR HARMLESSLY AMUSE.

No. 4.] *RICHMOND; SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1809.* [VOL. I.

TERMS OF THE VISITOR.

To be neatly printed once a fortnight, on Saturday evening, in Demy Quarto, and delivered to Subscribers, residing in the City, in the same manner as the News-Papers.

Subscription *Two Dollars* per annum; One Dollar to be paid in advance, and the same sum at the end of every succeeding six months.

A handsome title-page, table of contents, and names of the Subscribers, will be furnished (*gratis*) at the completion of each volume.

FOR THE VISITOR.

THE day is now near at hand on which our friends and acquaintance will no doubt improve the annual privilege of being merry at one another's expense, and therefore we may all prepare ourselves, I suppose, for being made April fools.

In my younger days, I have been sent on the first day of this month on many a "sleeveless" errand, and have thereby contributed my proportion to the wit of my neighbours. Yet I dare say I shall bear my part again, if I live, in the same way: and indeed, as no man ought to live to himself alone, I must confess I have no objection to give in my mite to the harmless mirth of the season, by not being too wise to be taken in as they call it once a year. It is in reality no small gratification to see one's neighbors, men, women and children, all merry about one minding their Ps' & Qs', & watching for an opportunity to make each other look silly. Now that I am upon this subject, I would take it kind if you, Messrs. Editors, or any of your correspondents, would be so good as inform me when, and from what circumstance, this universal custom of making fools on the first day of April took its rise. The Spectator, I observe, has a paper upon it, but does not favor his readers with very satisfactory information on this point. It appears, however, that it was familiar in his time, for he gives an account of his landlady's falling out with a neighbour of his, "a Haberdasher by trade," for playing his pranks upon her children. "Her eldest son went to buy a halfpenny worth of inkle at a shoemaker's; the eldest daughter was dispatched half a mile to see a monster, and in short, the whole family of innocent children made *April* fools. Nay, my landlady herself," he says, "did not escape him. This empty fellow," the Spectator adds, "has laughed upon these conceits ever since."

This humour does not appear to have degenerated by transportation across the water; but our own citizens employ as much wit in its season and play as many tricks, I guess, as any in the old countries. I once knew a large, fat, lubberly negro man sent from house to house, from the upper end of the town all the way down to Rockett's, to get a pint of *pigeon's milk* for his master. The simpleton was directed to shew a note which he carried in his hand, to some one in the family to which he was first sent, the contents of which were "Send the fool on:" and thus he went puffing and blowing from place to place in quest of pigeon's milk, to the great amusement of every body that read his note.—After a great many fruitless enquiries the poor fellow returned home, quite disappointed in his expectations, as well as fatigued by his journey; and after being heartily laughed at for his pains, he wondered with himself how he could be such a fool as not to know there was no such thing as pigeon's milk.

I recollect that I myself was suddenly called to, one first of April to come out and see a large flock of wild pigeons that were flying over, and after making all the haste I could to the door for fear of missing the sight, and enquiring where they were, I was very gravely reminded of the day, and left to walk back at my leisure. At another anniversary I was so far off my guard as to be set to peeping for a hare that was squatting, I was told, close under a bush, while the wag that put me at it, pretended to be wondering all the time that I couldn't see it.

I shall never forget another adventure in which I was made to bear a part, but which was certainly carrying the joke too far: a female friend, who was a sort of doctress in the neighborhood, came in a great hurry and apparent anxiety to see me one 1st of April in consequence of some information she had received that I was ill of a cholic. I, who knew nothing of the matter, & had not been consulted as to the propriety of calling a physician, was eating my breakfast at the time of her arrival, in great composure and quite free from pain of every sort. She was surprised beyond measure to find me so well, and I was no less so, at first, at the great joy she expressed for my speedy recovery. I was at no loss by this time to conjecture what the matter was, and was not at all sorry, I can assure you, that the good old lady had been sent on a fool's errand on that occasion; but she, I thought, did not seem so very well pleased with the jest. I believe she would rather have found me sick a-bed than have to encounter the questions that would be put to her when she returned, respecting my situation. To give false alarms in cases of this kind, however, I think is wrong, and might be attended with serious consequences. A man might have the cholic in earnest on the first of April, as well as any other day, and suffer for want of timely assistance: or he might fall from his horse and require immediate bleeding, and the surgeon, regardless of his summons, remain at home with his lancet in his pocket, for fear of being laughed at.

I will relate to you one anecdote more, which I do with the greater pleasure, not only because I think it a good one, but because I was not, by hundreds, the only one that was made a fool of. About two or three years ago we were directed in one of our newspapers to look in the second chapter of Jude's Epistle for the origin of all-fools-day. I, for one turned to the Epistle, and could not help laughing heartily at the conceit, when I found that it contained but one chapter, or, rather that it was not divided into chapters at all. I must confess, however, that I made the reference with reluctance, from a secret shame I felt at not knowing every thing that was contained in the New-Testament: yet I was well enough pleased, on the whole, to find not only that the Printer knew so much of the Scriptures, but that he prompted others to "search" them Yours, &c. SENEX.

March 24th, 1809.

Under a positive injunction not to make known the means by which we acquired them, nor the real name and residence of the author, we have obtained copies of some letters, lately written by a gentleman of Virginia to his friend in France; and as the style of them is rather uncommon, yet, we hope not offensive, it is deemed expedient to give them a place in the Visitor.

LETTER I.

TO MONSIEUR TRINKET, Lapidaire, Marseilles. *Painesville, ——— 1808.*

Mon cher ami,

YOU have doubtless read the virtuous and enlightened Volney's observations on this country; but having, in your last, intimated an idea of emigrating to Virginia, and, consequently, a wish to be still better acquainted with the customs, habits, manners, and opinions prevailing in it. I shall henceforth, as opportunities may offer, do myself the pleasure of communicating to you such particulars respecting them, as have escaped his intelligent, but, in some instances, censorious pen.

Since our revolutionary war, or rather since the glorious light of that philosophy which, for awhile, dispelled the gloom of ancient prejudices in France, has beamed upon us, we have very wisely exploded every inequality of rights; and have thereby effectually humbled the specious pretensions of acquired attainments. Wherefore, the offices in our superlatively well accoutred, well disciplined, and therefore formidable Militia, as well as in our redoubtable Volunteer Companies, and invincible Gun-Boats, have, since that memorable era, been frequently filled, not with the slaves of family arrogance, and the puppets of pedantry, but with men who, feeling the perfectibility of their nature,

together with the self-importance resulting therefrom, and acting accordingly, have, by means of such mighty recommendations, obtained their respective appointments; and every citizen who has once held any of these offices, which, owing to the vast strength of each department, are very numerous, is, by way of a suitable reward for his services, ever after identified by the title attached to it: hence, the excursive eye of modern philosophy may often be gratified with the sublime spectacle of Captains, Majors, Colonels and Generals, with minds unimpaired by the errors of education, and bodies undisguised by any thing except the growth of their own glebes; and that, on the lower grades, not always sufficient to serve their natural modesty of wishing to conceal their *parts*. From these premises you may safely infer that the number of our male inhabitants to whom custom gives the right of being addressed by military titles, is very great; and, owing to the celestial principle of equalization which pervades the instinctively wise and polite people of this State, the mass of those on whom mere courtesy bestows similar honors, is nearly as considerable; so that a foreigner, or even a native of the eastern part of our Union, happening at any of our public meetings, among farmers, merchants, and mechanics, might, from their manner of accosting each other, so completely lose sight of his situation, as to fancy himself in the mess-room of a camp, surrounded by the chiefs of an army. This, I confess, has drawn upon us the imputation of being a little vaingiorious; but,—no matter,—it is an expeditious, and economical method of dignifying characters; and we, who have duly investigated the luminous opinions of Tristram Shandy, and thence learnt that great names are incitements to great actions, are proud of the custom; and the more so, because we experience very frequent instances of its efficacy: As, for example,—Colonel Flint was lately carving a ham of bacon, and Major Steel applied to him for a slice off the end next the hock; but the Col. having just appropriated the last of it to his own use, sent the Major a cut off the other end; whereupon, the Major accused the Colonel of a design to insult him; the Colonel in return reproached the Major with asserting a falsehood; a challenge ensued; and, each being actuated by the dignity he had to support, as well as the important cause of their quarrel, they met, at the distance of three paces, and both fell---honorably to themselves, and reputably to their families and friends---Whereas, had not courtesy previously awarded to Farmer Flint his Colonelship, and to Butcher Steel his Majority, the bacon, though well fed and well smoked, might not have excited their energies; or they might have disgraced themselves, and shamed their connections, by fighting like brutes, as men of their occupations would have done in less refined communities. Again, and subsequent to this, Tim Touchwood and Tom Tinder, two students at a neighboring academy, had a dispute about the geography of the moon, which ended in the same honorable way; for though neither of them was *becaptained* nor *becoloneled*, their fathers had long been so; and, inspired thereby, had each of them killed his man,—a circumstance which, I, and every philosopher of the New School, must allow, has rather obscured the merit of the youths in this affair; inasmuch as they must have been more or less moved by the impelling force of parental example.

Many more are the incidents I could enumerate in favor of our system of *Colonelology*, but these, I trust, are sufficient to convince you of its excellence, for which reason, I dismiss the subject. But as my energies are much roused by the grandeur of it, I would immediately enter the lists in defence of some habits, which are very prevalent among us; and would begin with that of gambling; for though it may not be recommended in modern ethics, it is, I believe, unlimitedly tolerated, and therefore may be deemed virtuous. My remarks thereon, however, could not be comprehended in this letter, so I shall reserve them for my next, which you may expect—when you see it; for as my creed imposes on me the most rigorous obedience to my inclinations, I cannot, consistently therewith, engage to be punctual in any thing.

At present, though, I am yours sincerely,

NATHAN NEWLIGHT.

EFEECTS OF MUSIC.

The following instance of the amazing change wrought upon the passions, by the power of music, is supported by the authority of Prince Cantimer, who relates in his account of the transactions of the Ottomans.

Sultan Amurath, that cruel Prince, having laid siege to Bagdad, and having taken it, gave orders for putting thirty thousand persons to death, notwithstanding they had submitted and laid down their arms. Among the number of these unfortunate victims was a musician: he besought the officer, who had the command to see the Sultan's orders executed, to spare him but for a moment, while he might be permitted to speak to the emperor. The officer indulged him in his entreaty; and being brought before the Sultan, he was permitted to exhibit a specimen of his art.

Like the musician in Homer, he took up a kind of psaltery, which resembled a lyre, and had six strings to each side; and accompanied it with his voice. He sung the taking of Bagdad, and the triumph of Amurath. The pathetic tones, and exulting sounds, which he drew from the instrument, joined to the alternate plaintiveness and boldness of his strains, rendered the Prince unable to restrain the softer emotions of his soul. He even suffered him to proceed until, overpowered with harmony, he melted into tears of pity, and relented of his cruel intention. In consideration of the musician's abilities, he not only directed his people to spare those among the prisoners who yet remained alive, but also to give them instant liberry.

HENRY FITZOWEN.

A TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

——————————What is this
So wither'd, and so wild in its attire;
That looks not like an inhabitant o' the earth,
And yet is on't?————

Shakespeare.

Though no present intelligence could be obtained relative to the abode of Walleran, yet as it was most probable that where he was, there Adeline would be found, Henry determined with the concurrence of his family, to spare no effort in detecting his residence. After a few hours rest, therefore, he armed himself completely, and bidding adieu to his disconsolate friends, to whom, assuming a cheerful tone, he promised the speedy restoration of Adeline, he mounted his favorite roan, and issued from the great gate whilst the sun, now verging towards noon, smote full upon his plumed casque.

Not willing however, to alarm the neighbouring country, where his person & accoutrements would be known wherever he should stop for enquiry, and secrecy being likewise necessary towards the completion of his views, he carefully concealed his features beneath his visor, assumed unusual arms, took a different device, and no retinue whatever, resolved, should he find Walleran surrounded by his myrmidons, to hasten back to Ruydvellin, and collecting his faithful followers, return and attack him in full force, placing no confidence in his honour, should a single combat ensue, when thus supported by banditti; that no time might be lost in the pursuit, he dismissed two of his confidential servants on different routes, and under similar precautions.

These measures being taken, Henry carried his researches through the neighboring seats, and made every inquiry that could lead to detection, but in vain; striking further into the country, therefore, he unexpectedly came into a very wild scenery, and it was with difficulty he could procure the most homely provision in a tract so thinly inhabited, and where a shepherd's hut, or the cottage of a peasant, proved his only places of rest. Some weeks had thus passed, when towards the sunset of a very fine day, after having traversed a lone and unfrequented part, he arrived at the edge of a thick and dark forest; the sky became suddenly overcast, and it began to rain; the thunder rolled at a distance, and sheets of livid lightning flashed across the heath. Overcome with fatigue and hunger, he rode impatiently along the border of the forest, in hopes of discovering an entrance, but none was to be found. At length, just as he was about to dismount with an intention of breaking the fence, he discerned, as he thought, something moving upon the heath, and upon advancing towards it, it proved to be an old woman gathering peat, and who overtaken by the storm, was hurrying home as fast as her infirm limbs could carry her. The sight of a human creature filled the heart of Fitzowen with joy, and hastily riding up he enquired how far he had deviated from the right road, and where he could procure a nights lodging. The old woman now slowly lifting up her palsied head, discovered a set of features which could scarcely be called human, her eyes were red, piercing and distorted, and rolled horribly glanced upon every object but the person by whom it was addressed, and, at intervals, they emitted a fiery disagreeable light; her hair, of a dirty gray, hung matted in large masses upon her shoulders, and

a few thin portions ruſhed abrupt and horizontally from the upper part of her forehead, which was much wrinkled, and of a parchment hue; her cheeks were hollow, withered, and red with a quantity of acrid rheum; her noſe was large, prominent, and ſharp; her lips thin, ſkinny, and livid; her few teeth black; and her chin long and peaked, with a number of buſhy hairs depending from its extremity; her nails alſo were acute, crooked, and bent over her fingers; and her guarments, rigged and fluttering in the wind, displayed every poſſible variety of colours. Henry was a little daunted: but, the old woman having mentioned a dwelling at ſome diſtance, and offering to lead the way, the pleaſure received from this piece of intelligence effaced the former impreſſion, and alighting from his horse, he laid hold of the bridle, and they ſlowly moved over the heath.

The ſtorm had now ceaſed, and the moon riſing gave a preſage of a fine night, juſt as this ſingular conductor, taking a ſudden turn, plunged into the wood by a path, narrow and almoſt choked up with a quantity of briar and thorn. The trees were thick, and, ſave a few glimpſes of the moon, which, now and then, poured light on the uncouth feature of his companion, all was dark and diſmal; the heart of Fitzowen misgave him; neither ſpoke; & he purſued his guide merely by the noiſe ſhe made in hurrying through the buſhes, which was done with a celerity totally inconſiſtent with her former decrepitude. At length the path grew wider, and a faint blue light, which came from a building at ſome diſtance, glimmered before them; they now left the wood, and iſſued upon a rocky and uneven piece of ground, whilſt the moon ſtruggling through a cloud, caſt a doubtful and uncertain light, and the old woman with a leerwhich made his very hair ſtand on end, told him that the dwelling was at hand. It was ſo; for a Gothick caſtle, placed on a conſiderable elevation, now came in view; it was a large maſſy ſtructure, much decayed, and ſome parts of it in a totally ruinous condition; a portion, however, of the keep; or the great tower, was ſtill entire, as was alſo the entrance to the court or encloſure, preſerved probably by the ivy, whoſe fibres crept round with ſolicitous care. Large fragments of the ruin were ſhattered about, covered with moſs and half ſunk into the ground, and a number of old elm trees through whoſe foliage the wind ſighed with a ſullen and melancholy ſound, dropped a deep and ſettled gloom, that ſcarce permitted the moon to ſtream by fits upon the building. Fitzowen drew near, ardent curioſity mingled with awe dilated his boſom, and he inwardly congratulated himſelf upon ſo ſingular an adventure, when turning round to queſtion his companion, a glimpse of the moon poured full upon his eye ſo horrid a contexture of feature, ſo wild and preternatural a combination that, ſmote with terror and unable to move, a cold ſweat trickled from every pore, and immediately this infernal being ſeizing him by the arm, and hurrying him over the draw-bridge to the great entrance of the keep, the portcullis fell with a tremendous ſound, and the aſtoniſhed youth, ſtarting as it were from a trance, drew his ſword in act to deſtroy his treacherous guide, when inſtantly a horrible and infernal laugh burſt from her, and in a moment the whole caſtle was in an uproar, peal after peal iſſuing from every quarter till at length growing faint they died away, and a dead ſilence enſued.

Fitzowen, who during this ſtrange tumult had collected all his ſcattered powers, now looked round him with determined reſolution; his terrible companion had diſappeared, and the moon ſhining full upon the portcullis convinced him that any eſcape that way was impracticable; the wind ſighed through the elms, & the ſcared owl, uttering his diſcordant note, broke from his neſt, and ſweeping through the vale beneath, ſought for more ſecure repoſe. Having reaſoned himſelf, therefore, into a ſtate of cool fortitude, and bent up every power to the appalling enterprize, our adventurer entered the great tower, from a loop-hope near the ſummit of which a dim twinking light could be juſt diſcerned. He extended his ſword before him, for it was dark, and proceeded carefully to ſearch around, in hopes, either of diſcovering ſome aperture which might lead to the veſtibule, or ſtaircaſe, or of wreaking his vengeance on the wretch who had thus decoyed him. All was ſtill as death, but as he ſtrode over the floor, a dull, hollow ſound iſſued from beneath, and rendered him apprehenſive of falling through into ſome dismal vault, from which he might never be able to extricate himſelf. In this ſituation, dreading the effect of each light footſtep, a ſound, as of many people whiſpering, ſtruck his ear; he bent foward, liſtening with eager attention, and as it ſeemed to proceed from a little diſtance only before him, he determined to follow it; he did ſo, and inſtantly fell through the mouldering pavement, whilſt at the ſame time peals of horrid laughter again burſt, with reiterated clamour, from every chamber of the caſtle.

Fitzowen roſe with conſiderable difficulty, and much ſtunned with the fall, although, fortunately, the ſpot he had dropped upon was covered with a quantity of damp and ſoft earth, which gave way to his weight. He now found himſelf in a large vault arched in the gothic manner, and ſupported by eight maſſy pillars, down whoſe sides the damp moiſture ran in cold and heavy drops, the moon ſhining with great luſtre through three iron grated windows, which, although ruſty with age, were ſtrong enough to reſiſt his utmoſt efforts, and having in vain tried to force them, he now looked around for his ſword, which, during the fall, had ſtarted from his graſp, and in ſearching the ground with his fingers, he laid hold of, and drew forth, the freſh bones of an enormous ſkeleton; he ſtarted back with horror; a cold wind bruſhed violently along the ſurface of the vault, and a ponderous iron door, ſlowly grating on its hinges, opened at one corner, and diſcloſed to his wondering eye a broken ſtaircaſe, down whoſe ſteps a blue and faint light flaſhed by fits, like the lightning of a ſummer's eve.

Appalled by the dreadful prodigies, Fitzowen felt, in ſpite of all his reſolution, a cold and death-like chill pervade his frame, and kneeling down, he prayed fervently to that Power without whoſe mandate no being is let looſe upon another, and feeling himſelf more calm and reſolved, he again began to ſearch for his ſword, when a moonbeam, falling on the blade, at once reſtored it to its owner.

(To be continued.)

Criticism.

Epiſtles, Odes, and other Poems. By Thomas Moore, Eſq.

(Concluded from our laſt.)

On looking back to the volume, with a view to eſtimate its poetical merits impartially, as ſeparated from its ſins of morality, we were ſurpriſed to find how little praiſe it could lay claim to; and are more and convinced, that its popularity is owing almoſt entirely to the ſeduction of the ſubjects on which it is employed. We ſhall not ſtain our page with any of the paſſages to which our preceding cenſures are intended to apply; but the following may ſerve as a ſpecimen of Mr. Moore's talent for witty and familiar poetry,

'When next you ſee the black-ey'd Caty,
The loving, languid girl of Hayti,
Whoſe finger ſo expertly plays
Amid the ribbon's ſilken maze,
Juſt like Aurora, when ſhe ties
A rainbow round the morning ſkies!
Say, that I hope, when winter's o'er,
On Norfolk's bank again to rove,
And then, ſhall ſearch the ribbon-ſtore
For ſome of Caty's ſofteſt *love*.

I ſhould not like the gloſs were paſt,
Yet want it not entirely new;
But bright and ſtrong enough to laſt
About—ſuppoſe a week or two.
However frail, however light,
'Twill do, at leaſt, to wear at night:
And ſo you'll tell our black-ey'd Caty,
The loving, languid girl of Hayti!'

If the reader ſhould want a ſpecimen of his more elaborate and lofty gallantry, he may take the following; which appears to us to be rather a ſplendid example of that figure of ſpeech which is commonly called non-ſenſe.

'I pray thee, on thoſe lips of thine
To wear this roſy leaf for me,
And breathe of ſomething not divine,
Since nothing human breathes of thee!

All other charms of thine I meet
In nature, but thy ſigh alone;
Then take, oh! take, though not ſo ſweet,
The breath of roſes for thine own!

So, while I walk the flowery grove,
The bud that gives, through morning dew,
The luſtre of the lips I love,
May ſeem to give their perfume too!'

In the ſame taſte is the following magnificent ſtanza on a lady holding a child in her arms.

'Soft as ſhe ſmil'd, he ſmil'd again?
They ſeem'd ſo kindred in their charms
That one might think, the babe had then
Juſt budded in her blooming arms!
He look'd like ſomething form'd of air,
Which ſhe had utter'd in a ſigh;
Like ſome young ſpirit, reſting there,
That late had wander'd from her eye!'

The tawdry, affected, and finical ſtyle of this author, cannot be better illuſtrated than in thoſe verſes about ſomething which he calls the Snow-Spirit.

'The down from his wing is as white, as the pearl
Thy lips for their cabinet ſtole,
And it falls on the green earth as melting, my girl,
As a murmur of thine on the ſoul?

Oh! fly to the clime, where he pillows the death,
As he cradles the birth of the year;
Bright are your bowers and balmy their breath,
But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here!'

This is in the right millinary taſte; but it is ſurpaſſed by what follows.

'But fly to his region—lay open thy zone,
And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
To think that a boſom, as white as his own,
Should not melt in the day-beam like him!'

Mr. Moore, however, has not always confined himſelf to thoſe familiar and gallant lucubrations: he has favored his readers with ſeveral fine ſpecimens of ſublimity, and made a ſplendid diſplay of his erudition, in a variety of mythological hymns and epiſtles: the moſt ſuperb, perhaps, is a dithyrambic on the fall of Hebe, which has the merit of being almoſt entirely unintelligible; our readers may try their penetration upon the following paſſages.

'And now ſhe rais'd her roſy mouth to ſip
The nectar'd wave
Lyæus gave,
And from her eyelids, gently clos'd,
Shed a diſſolving gleam,
Which fell, like ſun-dew, in the bowl!
While her bright hair, in mazy flow
Of gold, deſcending
Along her cheek's luxurious glow,
Wav'd o'er the goblet's ſide,
And was reflected by its cryſtal tide,
Like a ſweet crocus flower,
Whoſe ſunny leaves, at evening hour,
With roſes of Cyrene blending,
Hang o'er the mirror of a ſilver ſtream!
The Olympian cup
Burn'd in the hands
Of dimpled Hebe, as ſhe wing'd her feet
Up
The empyreal mount,
To drain the ſoul-drops at their ſtellar fount;
And ſtill,
As the reſplendent rill
Flam'd o'r the goblet with a mantling heat,
Her graceful care
Would cool its heavenly fire
In gelid waves of ſnowy-feather'd air,
Such as the children of the pole reſpire,
In thoſe enchanted lands,
Where life is all a ſpring, and north winds never blow!
But oh!
Sweet Hebe, what a tear,
And what a bluſh were thine,
When, as the breath of every grace, &c.

Thoſe who can interpret this, have ſome chance of underſtanding the following:

'Welcome my ſhell!
How many a ſtar has ceas'd to burn,
How many a tear has Saturn's gleaming urn
O'er the cold boſom of the ocean wept,
Since thy ærial ſpell
Hath in the waters ſlept;
Mortal! I fly,
With the bright treaſure to my choral ſky,
Where ſhe, who wak'd its early ſwell,
The ſyren, with a foot of fire,
Walks o'er the great ſtring of my Orphic Lyre,
Or guides around the burning pole
The winged chariot of ſome bliſsful ſoul!
While thou!
Oh ſon of earth! what dreams ſhall riſe for thee!
Beneath Hiſpania's ſun,
Thou'lt ſee a ſtreamlet run,
Which I have warm'd with dews of melody.'

There are ſome very fine lines, ſuch as—

'Where matter *darkles*, or where ſpirit beams.'

'Blaſt thee with the lightning bug.'

and

'Fiery fever's thirſty thrill,
Fitful ague's ſhivering chill!'

But we prefer the artleſs innocence of the following nambypamby:

'Then my playful hand I ſteep
Where the gold-thread loves to creep,
Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the ſunny chaplet ſpread
O'er the ſleeping fly-bird's head,
Till, with dreams of honey bleſt,
Haunted in his downy neſt
By the garden's faireſt ſpells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells,
Fancy all his ſoul embowers
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers!'

The following is an abſtract of the author's ſevere judgment on the Americans.

'Mind, mind, alone, in barren, ſtill repoſe,
Nor blooms, nor riſes, nor expands, nor flows!
Take chriſtians, mohawks, democrats and all,
From the rude wig-wam to the congreſs-hall;
From man the ſavage, whether ſlav'd or free,
To man the civiliz'd, leſs tame than he!
'Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile ſtrife
Betwixt half-poliſh'd and half-barbarous life;
Where every ill the ancient world can brew
Is mix'd with every groſſneſs of the new;
Where all corrupts, though little can entice,
And nothing's known of luxury, but its vice!

The pieces which approach the neareſt to common ſenſe, are thoſe which are conceived in the form of Epiſtles to the friends of the author. They are written in the ordinary heroic meaſure, and, along with the characteriſtic tawdrineſs of his uſual ſtyle, diſplay occaſional point and vivacity, that, under a ſeverer training, might entitle the author to the attention of the public.

REMARKABLE CHARACTER.

Charlotte Hutton, a moſt extraordinary genius of the preſent age, youngeſt daughter of Dr. Charles Hutton, of Woolwich. She was born in 1778, and was only 16 years of age when ſhe died, by the rupture of a veſſel in her lungs, in Dec. 1794. Yet in that ſhort period ſhe had acquired more learning and knowledge, than many perſons do who live to fourſcore. She knew ſeveral languages, and almoſt all ſciences in a conſiderable degree; and had acquired a knowledge of arithmetic, algebra, geography, aſtronomy, muſic, drawing, poetry, hiſtory, botany, gardening, beſides all the uſual female accompliſhments in a ſuperior degree and ſtyle. Moſt of theſe were acquiſitions chiefly made by her own talents and energy of mind, with little or no aſſiſtance from others. It was ſufficient for her once to ſee or hear any thing done.—She ſoon made it her own. She was her father's amanuenſis and aſſiſtant upon all occaſions; ſhe wrote for him, and read to him, in all languages and ſciences; ſhe made drawings for him of all kinds, aſ-

tronomical, mathematical, mechanical, &c. She arranged and managed his library, and knew where every book ſtood, ſo that ſhe could find them even in the dark. She was author of ſeveral ingenious compoſitions and calculations. She extracted the ſquare roots of moſt of the ſecond 1,000 numbers to 12 places of decimals, & proved the truth of them, by means of differences; arranging the whole in a table fit for publication. She drew elegant geographical maps, and on the second day before ſhe died, began and completed the whole hemiſphere of the earth. In compoſition, whether epiſtolary or ſcientific, her ſtyle was excellent. In the midſt of all theſe literary acquiſitions, ſhe was ſo active in family affairs, that ſhe was no leſs uſeful to her mother, in domeſtic concerns, than to her father in his ſcientific buſineſs: to all theſe qualifications ſhe added uncommon goodneſs, affability, cheerfulneſs, and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, which made her as much beloved, as her extraordinary talents and acquirements made her admired.

Intereſting anecdotes of the heroic conduct of women, during the French Revolution. Tranſlated from the French of M. du Broca.

In one of the weſtern departments, a man, of the name of Le Forte, accuſed of conſpiring againſt the republic, was ſeized and committed to priſon. His wife, trembling for his fate, uſed every means that courage and affection could inſpire to reſtore him to liberty but without ſucceſs. She then bought, with a ſum of money, permiſſion to pay him a ſingle viſit in his priſon.

At the appointed hour ſhe appeared before her huſband, clothed in two ſuits of her own apparel. With the prudence of not allowing herſelf, at ſo critical a juncture, to give or receive uſeleſs demonſtrations of tenderneſs, ſhe haſtily took of her upper ſuit of attire, prevailed on her huſband to put them on, and to quit the priſon, leaving her in his place.

The diſguiſe ſucceeded to her wiſh. Le Forte eſcaped, and the ſtratagem was not diſcovered till the following day.

'Unhappy wretch,' cried one of the enraged committee, 'what have you done?' 'My duty,' ſhe replied; 'do thine.'

A priſoner, whoſe name was Delleglace, was ordered to be conveyed from Lyons to the Conciergerie at Paris. His daughter, who had never quitted him a moment from the time of his firſt arreſt, deſired permiſſion to travel with him in the ſame carriage prepared for his journey. This boon ſhe could not obtain; but what obſtacles can ſubdue the ſtrength of filial love? Mademoiſelle Delleglace, notwithſtanding the weakneſs of her conſtitution, and laying aſide the timidity natural to her ſex, ſet of on foot with the carriage, which ſhe accompanied in that manner for more than an hundred leagues; ſhe ſometimes quitted the ſide of the carriage, but it was only when ſhe preceded her father, to procure proper nouriſhment for him in the towns through which they paſſed, and in the evening of every day, when ſhe ran forward to beg of ſome charitable perſon a covering, to adminiſter to her father's wants in the dungeon where he muſt paſs the night.

The gates of Conciergerie, which ſhe reached at the ſame time with her father, now excluded her from his ſight. Still the fortitude of this extraordinary woman did not give way. She had been accuſtomed to ſubdue the ferocity of jailors, and ſhe could not be perſuaded that ſhe ſhould plead for juſtice in vain before magiſtrates. Every morning, for three months, ſhe implored the juſtice and humanity of some who had influence, and her virtuous perſeverance was rewarded with her father's liberation.

What pen can expreſs the exceſſive joy of this happy girl, when ſhe carried the tidings to her father?—Exulting in her ſucceſs, ſhe next thought of conducting him back to his home and family. She fell ill at an inn on the road, worn out, no doubt, with the exceſs of fatigue, during the unparelleled exertion. She had not the good fortune to witneſs the utmoſt benefit of her enterprize; ſhe never quitted her bed, but died in her father's arms, ſtill deeming herſelf happy to have ſaved his life at the expence of her own.

THE RESURRECTION.

A beautiful and deſcriptive Extract, from the Scotch Preacher

Twice had the ſun gone down upon the earth, and all as yet was quiet at the ſepulchre; death held his ſceptre over the ſun of God; ſtill and ſilent the hours paſſed on; the guards ſtood by their poſt, the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets, and on their ſpears; the enemies of Chriſt exulted in their ſucceſs; the hearts of his friends were ſunk in deſpondency and in ſorrow; the ſpirits of glory waited in anxious ſuſpence to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God. At length the morning-ſtar ariſing in the eaſt announced the approach of light; the third day began to dawn upon the world, when on a ſudden the earth trembled from its centre, and the powers of heaven were ſhaken; an angel of God decended, the guards ſhrunk back from the terror of his preſence and fell proſtrate on the ground; his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment was as white as ſnow: he rolled away the ſtone from the door of the ſepulchre, and ſat upon it. But who is this that cometh forth from the tomb, with died garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatneſs of his ſtrength! It is thy Prince, O Zion! Chriſtian, it is your Lord. He hath trodden the wine-preſs alone; he hath ſtained his raiment with blood; but now as the firſt-born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his reſurrection. He ariſes a conqueror from the grave; he returns with bleſſings from the world of ſpirits; he brings ſalvation to the ſons of men. Never did the returning ſun uſher in a day ſo glorious! it was the jubilee of the univerſe. The morning ſtars ſung together, and all the ſons of God ſhouted aloud for joy; the Father of Mercies looked down from his throne in the heavens; with complacency he beheld his world reſtored; he ſaw his work that it was good. Then did the deſert rejoice; the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the bleſſings of the Eternal deſcended as the dew of heaven for the refreſhing of the nations.

ISAAC WALTON,

Though no poet, has in his *Compleat Angler*, introduced some inimitably drawn paſtoral ſcenes: what can be more exquiſite than the following deſcription?—

TURN out of the way a little, good ſcholar, towards yonder high honey ſuckle hedge; there we'll ſit and ſing, whilſt this ſhower falls ſo gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a ſweeter ſmell to the lovely flowers that adorn theſe verdant meadows. Look, under the broad beach tree, I ſat down, when I was laſt this way a fiſhing, and the birds in the adjoining grove ſeemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whoſe dead voice ſeemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primroſe hill; there I sat viewing the ſilver ſtreams glide ſilently towards their centre, the tempeſtuous ſea; yet ſometimes oppoſed by rugged roots and pebble ſtones, which broke their waves and turned them into foam; and ſometimes I beguiled time, by viewing the harmleſs lambs, ſome leaping ſecurely in the cool ſhade, whilſt others ſported themſelves in the cheerful ſun; and ſaw others craving comfort from the ſwollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus ſat, theſe and other ſights had ſo fully poſſeſſed my ſoul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expreſſed it,

I was for that time lifted above earth.

As I left this place and entered into the next field, a ſecond pleaſure entertained me;' twas a handſome milk maid, that had not yet attained ſo much age and wiſdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but ſhe caſt away all care, and ſang like a nightingale.

A DESCRIPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Veſuvius, a celebrated volcano of Italy, ſix miles eaſt of Naples: this mountain has two tops; one of which only goes by the name of Veſuvius, the other being now called Somma; but Sir William Hamilton is of opinion, that the latter is what the ancients called Veſuvius: the perpendicular height of Veſuvius is only 3700 feet, though the aſcent from the foot to the top is three Italian miles. One ſide of the mountain is well cultivated and fertile, producing great plenty of vines; but the S. and W. ſides are covered with cinders and aſhes; while a ſulphurcous ſmoke conſtantly iſſues from the top, ſometimes attended with the moſt violent exploſions of ſtones, the emiſſion of great ſtreams of lava, and all the other attendants of a moſt formidable volcano:---the firſt of theſe eruptions recorded in hiſtory took place in the year '79; at which time the two cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were entirely buried under the ſtones and aſhes thrown out. Incredible miſchief was alſo done to the neighboring country, and numbers of people loſt their lives, among whom was Pliny the Elder. It is the opinion of the beſt judges, however, that this eruption was by no means the firſt that had ever happened: the very ſtreets of thoſe cities which were at that time overwhelmed are ſaid to be partly paved with lava.

Since that time thirty different eruptions have been recorded, ſome of which have been extremely violent. In the year 1538, a mountain, three miles in circumference, and a quarter of a mile in perpendicular height, was thrown up in the courſe of one night: there have been inſtances of aſhes and ſulphureous ſmoke being carried not only to Rome, but alſo beyond the Mediterranean into Africa, and even into Egypt; birds have been ſuffocated in the air, and have fallen down upon the ground; and fiſhes periſhed in the neighboring waters, which were made hot, and infected by it: the operations of the ſubterraneous fire appear to be very capricious and uncertain. One day there will be the appearance of a violent fermentation, and the next every thing will be calmed; but whenever there has been a conſiderable ejection of ſcoriæ and cinders, it has been a conſtant obſervation, that the lava ſoon made its appearance, either by boiling over the crater, or forcing its way through the crevices in the conical part of the mountain: the top of the mountain fell in, in 1634, and the mouth of Veſuvius is now little ſhort of two miles in circumference.

ANECDOTE OF KING SIGAR.

The method which King Sigar took of gaining the affections of Avilda, daughter to the King of Gothland, was ſomewhat uncommon. This lady, contrary to the manners and diſpoſition of her ſex, exerciſed the profeſſion of piracy, and was ſcouring the ſeas with a powerful fleet, while a foreign prince was offering ſacrifices to her beauty at the ſhrine of love. Perceiving that this maſculine lady was not to be gained by the uſual arts of lovers, Sigar took the extraordinary reſolution of addreſſing her in a method more agreeable to her humour. He fitted out a fleet, went in queſt of her, and engaged her in a furious battle, which continued two days without intermiſſion; thus gaining poſſeſſion of a heart, to be conquered only by valour.

Humorous.

A MODERN GLOSSARY.

Angel. The name of a woman, commonly a very bad one.

Author. A laughing ſtock. It means likewiſe, a poor fellow, and in general an object of contempt.

Bear. Any animal upon two legs, that does not make a handſome bow.

Beau. With the article *a* before it, means a great favorite of all women.

Brute. A word implying plain dealing and ſincerity; but more eſpecially applied to a philoſopher.

Captain. } Any ſtick of wood with a head to it, and a piece of black
Colonel. } ribband upon that head.

Creature. A well born expreſſion of low contempt, properly confined only to the mouths of faſhional ladies.

Critic. Like homo, a name given to all the human race.

Coxcomb. A word of reproach, and yet at the ſame time ſignifies all that is moſt commendable.

Damnation. A modiſh word, expreſſive of admiration.

Dreſs. The principal accompliſhment of men and women.

Dullneſs. A word applied by all writers to the wit and humour of others.

Fine. An adjective of a very peculiar kind, deſtroying or at leaſt leſſening the force of the ſubſtantive to which it is joined, as fine gentleman, fine lady, fine houſe, fine clothes, fine taſte! in all which, fine is to be underſtood in a ſenſe ſomewhat ſynonymous with uſeleſs.

Fool. A complex idea, compounded of poverty, honeſty, learning, and ſimplicity.

Gallantry. Fornication and adultery.

Great. Applied to a thing, ſignifies bigneſs; when to a man, often littleneſs or meanneſs.

Good. A word of as many different ſenſes as the latin word *ago*, for which reaſon it is little uſed by the faſhionable.

Happineſs Grandeur.

Honor. Duelling.

Judge. } An old woman.
Juſtice. }

Knave. The name of four cards in every pack.

Knowledge. In general means knowledge of the world; as this is, indeed, the only kind of knowledge ever ſpoken of in the polite circles.

Learning. Pedantry.

Love. A word properly applied to our delight, in particular kinds of food; ſometimes metaphorically ſpoken of the favorite objects of all our appetites.

Marriage. A kind of traffic carried on between the two ſexes, in which both are conſtantly endeavoring to cheat each other, and both are commonly loſers in the end.

Miſchief. Fun, ſport, or paſtime.

Modeſty. Aukwardneſs, ruſticity.

Nonſenſe. Philoſophy, particularly the philoſophical writings of the ancients, and more eſpecially of Ariſtotle.

Opportunity. The ſeaſon of adultery.

Patriot. A candidate for an office.

Politics. The art of getting an office.

Promiſe. Nothing.

Religion. A word of no meaning; but which ſerves as a bugbear to frighten children with.

Riches. The only thing upon earth that is really deſirable or valuable

Rogue. } A man of a different party from yourſelf.
Raſcal. }

Sermon. A ſleepy doſe.

Shocking. An epithet which ladies apply to almoſt any thing. It is, indeed, an interſection of delicacy.

Temperance. Want of ſpirit.

Taſte. The preſent whim, whatever it may be.

Teaſing Advice chiefly of a huſband.

Virtue. } Subjects of diſcourſe.
Vice. }

Worth. Power and wealth.

Wiſdom. The art of acquiring both. *Tickler.*

An Iriſhman, meeting an acquaintance, ſaid, 'I heard that you were dead.' 'But you ſee that I am ſtill living,' replied the other. 'O!' cried the former, 'he who told me is much more worthy of belief than you are!'

Count T. complained to Foote, that a ſlanderer had ruined his character. So much the better, replied the wit, for it was a bad one, and the ſooner deſtroyed the better.

A ſea captain not much acquainted with the cuſtoms of a theatre, being preſented with a ticket to the opera was aſked, on his return to his lodging, how the performers acquitted themſelves. Upon my conſcience, replied he, I have no very fine ear for muſic; but by the manner in which thoſe that I ſuppoſe were judges behaved, I ſhould think that the performers did very ill. One of them ſung ſo bad, that they made her ſing all her ſongs over again.

Summary of Intelligence.

Europe.——The King of England has iſſued a proclamation reſcinding ſuch parts of the *orders in council* as relates to the duties of cuſtoms on goods, &c. from any country from which the Britiſh flag is not excluded. This relaxation of the Britiſh government does not effect the trade of the U. States, owing to the Non-Intercourſe Act.

It is ſtated that Mr. Canning has been removed from the foreign department, and is ſucceeded by Dundas, alias Lord Melville.

Owing to the infirmity of the King, it is reported that a regency was to be formed in England, conſiſting of the following perſons; viz. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Portland, the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, and the Lord Chancellor.

Engliſh propoſitions for a peace with France are ſtated to have been ſent to Bayonne, which, it was ſaid, would not be opened until Bonaparte had erected his Imperial Eagles on the ramparts of Madrid and Liſbon.

On the 27th of November laſt, Louis Napoleon, King of Holland, iſſued a decree impoſing new reſtrictions on neutral commerce.

The Emperor of France has declared to the American miniſter at Paris, that he will not relax in his decrees, and that the United States are to be conſidered as his ally or enemy.

Weſt-Indies.——Martinique has certainly been captured by the Engliſh—and it is ſtated with the loſs of but one man.

Domeſtic.——Nothing of moment appears to have occurred ſince our laſt, On the raiſing of the Embargo, a great number of American veſſels have cleared out for Spain and Portugal. But it is very probable, that long before they reach their places of deſtination, Bonaparte will be in full poſſeſſion of thoſe countries: they will in that caſe, either be condemned if they venture in, or have to return back with their cargoes.

P. S. By a late arrival at N. York, French Bulletins as high as No. 19 have been received, dated at Madrid. Bonaparte in an addreſs to the Spaniards, threatens them, that if they will not accept his brother Joſeph for their King, he will take the throne himſelf.

BY LAST NIGHT's MAIL.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.——Letters of a late date from France, whoſe contents may be relied on, ſtate that 480,000 ſoldiers had left France for Spain and Portugal.

A Spaniſh ſchooner has arrived at Baltimore, in 10 days from the Havannah, brings information that a Packet had arrived there the 7th of March from Cadiz, which place ſhe left the 10th of Feb. The advices from Spain were underſtood to be of the utmoſt conſequence, and although the government withheld their diſcloſure, it had tranſpired that they announced the total overthrow of the Spaniſh forces, and that the Engliſh army had been cut off.——*Nat. Intel.*

MARRIAGE.

Married, on Thurſday the 9th inſt. Mr. *William Mann*, Deputy Marſhal, to the amiable Miſs *Frances Gatewood*, daughter of Chany Gatewood of King and Queen county.

DEATHS.

Died, on the 9th inſt. at her reſidence in Falmouth. Mrs. *Margaret Daniel*, the amiable conſort of Dr. John M. Daniel.

———On the 10th inſt. in Brunſwick county, *Mr. Thomas Gholſon*, ſen. aged 75 years.

———On the 11th inſt. in Hanover, *Harden Burnley*. Eſq.

———On 15th inſt. Mr. *William Gary*, of City Point.

Nathaniel Pope, Eſq. a very valuable and reſpectable inhabitant of Hanover county, was lately killed in a duel.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are grateful to AGRICOLA for his pertinent remarks on commerce and agriculture, and ſhould be glad to hear from him again, on that, or any other ſubject, not prohibited by our proſpectus; for the effuſions of a mind like his muſt always be intereſting.

PASPUIN poſſeſſes merit, and we wiſh to hear from him often; but recommend him to abate a little of his centoriouſneſs, leſt our readers ſhould think him too much the diciple of Diogenes.

The Aphoriſms of Z are, as ſuch articles ſhould be, pithy and wholeſome to morality; and therefore. we ſolicit a further ſupply of them.

SENEX in this, and the letter at the head of our laſt, which we conceive to be by the ſame hand, are chaſte and impreſſive: *The Viſitor* is much obliged to the writer, and deſires no greater honor than that of conveying his productions to the public eye very frequently

The *Invitation* of X. X. is excellent, and we ſincerely hope that every gueſt he has bidden will attend him, eſpecially 'Contemplation;' for, under her influence, he will doubtleſs contribute largely to *our Viſitor*.

"*The Poet's Complaint, Prayer, Promiſes, and Threats,*" ſo illuſtrative of Churchill's remark, that

"Men there are, who have a ſtore of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it,"

Are received, and have brought to our recollection the old ſtory of "The Mountain in Labor." Our thankfulneſs, however, is due to the author for ſome novelties in orthography, and for ſome new inventions in the art of rhyming; but when again, as he tells us, he's

"Importun'd to mount *Pegaſſus*,
And bring ſome *wreathes* from mount Parnaſſus,"—

we adviſe him to make his flight more equal; for ſome of the lines before us are ſo far above the altitude of our comprehenſion, and others ſo much below the level of our taſte, that we cannot obtrude them on our "*Modeſt Viſitor.*"

We are ſorry to inform our friend and philoſopher in love, at Williamſburg, that his favor came too late for this impreſſion, but ſhall certainly appear in our next.

The deſire of the "Farmer's Boy" to ſee a drawing of the "Exotic Bloſſom" which appeared in our laſt, in the Engliſh ſtyle, ſhall be duly attended to. In the interim, and thenceforth, we requeſt our *judicious* readers to act as our Monitors; for many are the editorial errors into which our want of talents and information may lead us, and of which our mental blindneſs might keep us ignorant; we therefore, wiſh to be warned of them, that we may loſe no opportunity of evincing our diſpoſition to correct them.

Original Poetry.

FOR THE VISITOR.

Lines written by a youth of thirteen, and preſented to an amorous pair, who were frequently toying before him.

If my own eyes I may believe,
If ardent glances don't deceive,
If frollic dalliance can explain,
Aſſiduous love, or heartfelt pain;
If bluſhes red'ning on the cheek,
The feelings of the ſoul beſpeak:
Then may I boldly dare proclaim,
A youthful couple's mutual flame.
'Tis William ſighs to each ſoft gale,
'Tis Anna liſts each flattering tale.
See how ſerene their moments glide,
As they ſet chatting ſide by ſide.
He ſmacks her lips—his cheek ſhe taps,
Then fearful ſeems, as tho' perhaps,
She'd ſtruck too hard—with archeſt ſmile,
She looks him in the face awhile;
Her eyes then thrown upon the floor,
Bewitchingly invite once more
The ſportive kiſs—the lover flies,
And breathes upon her lips the sighs,
His throbbing boſom heaves above,
To Anna, Fortune, and to love.

TO *********

When Nature thy image conceiv'd
Creation ſhe view'd all around,
And ſelected whate'er ſhe believ'd
Could in it moſt lovely be found.

She borrow'd the roſe's ſweet glow
To mantle thy cheek with its dye,
Its whiteneſs ſhe took from the ſnow,
From heav'n a beam for thine eye.

To mould thee more lovely than all
In thy form, ſhe theſe beauties combin'd,
And not ſhort of perfection to fall
Gave Genius bright ſtamp to thy mind.

Charm'd Nature enraptur'd to ſee
What beauty thy figure diſplay'd,
Acknowledg'd that ne'er before thee,
So perfect a work ſhe had made.

Garnet

Epitaph on a beautiful and virtuous Young Lady.

Sleep ſoft fair, form, and wait th' Almighty's will,
Then riſe unchang'd, and be an angel ſtill.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY LYNCH & SOUTHGATE,
CORNER OF HARRIS'S BUILDING.
Where Printing in General is neatly executed.
AND
Blanks of every description are Sold.

THE POOR VILLAGE MAID.

ANDANTE AMOROSO.

By H. Leaman.

Far distant's the day, when by sor——row op—prest, For af—flic—tion's no more, and all gay is my breast. All,

chear--ful and light, are the steps which I tread, And no gloomy clouds ga----ther o---ver my head.

I can think of time past and as blith--some can sing, As birds of the morn chant their

praises of spring. With heart now as light as the sweet feather'd throng, tho' once I was sad, and this was my song;

ALLEGRO.

ANDANTE.

Poor and friendless I wan--der, and far have I stray'd, to see who wou'd cher-ish the poor Vil--lage Maid.

2.

Then nature's my garden, I pleasantly stray,
The weeds of despair cease to grow in my way;
Plenty raises her head, and she bows at my feet,
The pangs of keen hunger no longer intreat.
The blossoms of hope sweetly bud to my view,
My cares all dispel like the bright morning dew.
At peace in my bower I sit the day long,
And think of the time when this was my song,
Poor and friendless, &c.